THE True pattern of Constancy:

OR, The *Loyal Lovers* Joys Compleated.

When Young-men find their Love's unkind, they then impatient grow, | But when their Grief do's find Relief, it Expiates their Woe.

To an Excellent New Tune: Or, Farewell the Flower of false deceit, &c.

This may be Printed, R. P.

FArewell thou Flower of false deceit,
and I wish the heighth of youmay fade,
That your Countenance may altered be,
and your Honour in the Dust be laid.

Ne'er was a Man more true than I,
as you your self full well do know;
Till I found you in your Cruelty,
that you sought my final Overthrow.

I wish the bright Sun may not shine
on thee, as it has done before;
For your Countenance hath me beguil'd,
I can love again, but you no more.

Once I could have been as constant Swart-heart
for to cross the Ocean Seas for thee,
As Vulcan did for Venus's sake,
when he Sailed into Italy.

If you were as fair as Rosamond was,
with her Cherry Cheeks and dimpled Chin;
Or if you were as fair as Hellens was,
I should never more delight therein.

But now my heart it is my own,
why should I for another care?
For to sob and sob, lamente, and mourn
for to bring my self unto decay.